

RESULTS

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RESULTS

By

MARY L. K. DAVIS *psued.*

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MARY J. K. DAVIS



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FOREWORD

To parents, teachers and guardians of the young, who may desire to counteract the pernicious effects of many influences that at this time seem to be lowering the standards of character of the rising generation, this little story is respectfully submitted, with the hope of being helpful in forming high ideals in the matter of choosing a life companion, and, by the exercising of wisdom, avoiding the misery of divorce.

The law of attraction will always be the dominating factor in the selection of a life partner; but if the young people have respect for fine character, and clean living, they are not apt to accept anything below such standards; and the stories read by the boys and girls approaching maturity, have a powerful effect upon their destinies.

THE AUTHOR.

13, 1922

CHAPTER I.

“What is keeping him?”

Catherine Smead made this half tearful, half impatient exclamation as she was pacing back and forth on the veranda of her home, waiting for her fiance, Phillip Wilford, to accompany her to a concert.

Catherine glanced at her watch. “Ten minutes past eight” she said nervously. “We will be too late for the opening chorus which I did so much want to hear.”

“I don’t think I will go, even if he comes,” she decided.

As Catherine raised her hands to loosen her wraps, a machine driven at racing speed turned into the driveway. When the car stopped an unsteady figure alighted, and came reeling up the veranda steps. “Goodsh sheven, boysh kep.” The sentence was never finished, because the swaying form crumpled in a sickening heap at Catherine’s feet, and her hysterical scream of “O! daddy. O! daddy,” brought her father to her side.

James Smead was a temperate man, and he was horrified at what he saw when he reached the veranda, but calling Evans the man-of-all-work to help him, Phillip Wilford was put to bed to sleep off his drunken stupor.

Leaving Evans on guard, Mr. Smead hurried back to where Catherine, too shocked and miserable to move, still sat on the settee as he had placed her before going indoors with Philip.

The strong ache of his loving sympathy filled his eyes with tears as he sat down beside his daughter, and tenderly drew the limp form to his side, resting her head against his shoulder. Silently he stroked the bright hair, and kissed the pale forehead. Words were useless. Nothing but time and courage could salve a hurt so deep.

"O! daddy, O! daddy! What shall I do? What shall I do?" sobbed the poor girl.

"Dear daughter I do not know what to say. Let us hope it is his first offense, and will never be repeated."

"Daddy, I can not be here when he comes to himself. I will go tonight to stay a few days with Aunt Louise."

"Very well. I will go with you. It will be less embarrassing for Phillip as well as for ourselves. Phillip isn't a coarse man, and I am sure it would be very trying to him to have to meet us when he awakes."

Hasty preparation were made, and in short time father and daughter again stood on the veranda, ready for the drive to the home of Catherine's Aunt Louise.

"Put Dr. Wilford's car in the old garage, Evans, and don't allow him to leave this house until he can be safely trusted. Tell him we are away on a visit, and have not told you when we

will return. Do not let anyone know what has occurred," said Mr. Smead.

"Aye, sir," answered the man.

Father and daughter entered the sedan, their hearts heavy with grief for Phillip's condition. Mr. Smead took the wheel and Catherine crouched beside him could only moan, "How could he do it. O! daddy, what shall I do?"

A half hour's drive brought them to their destination. In a few quiet words Mr. Smead explained matters to his sister-in-law, who took Catherine at once to the dainty room that was always waiting for the motherless girl.

Since her mother's death two years before these events, it had become a habit of Catherine's to consult with her aunt about the happenings in her life that seemed important, and in this dark hour it was only natural that she should turn to Mrs. Holcomb for the comfort that only a loving woman knows how to give.

The events of the evening had been a great shock to Catherine, and she was shivering with nervousness. Mrs. Holcomb helped her to remove her wraps, and then drew the grief-stricken girl into her lap in the big arm-chair. With her head pillowed on her aunt's sympathetic bosom, her sorrowing heart found relief in tears.

Mrs. Holcomb waited until the hard sobbing grew quieter, then she tenderly asked, "Do you want to tell auntie about it, girlie?"

"Not tonight, dear," answered Catherine, returning her aunt's caress as she rose from the

motherly lap, "I must think by myself tonight."

Mrs. Holcomb quite comprehended the soreness of a deep wound that would be hurt by even the tenderest touch, and she also understood that the first healing should come in the silence of Infinite Love. With a tender kiss she bade Catherine goodnight and left the room.

From her earliest childhood Catherine had been taught to pray. She had been taught to seek direction from the Divine Spirit. Now habit made her drop to her knees besides the arm-chair, and ask for guidance as to what course to follow in this severe trial.

Catherine's mother, having a great horror of the evils of intemperance, had felt it to be her duty to teach her daughter the suffering that comes from the curse of alcohol. Now pictures of stricken homes, heart-broken women, weakling children; the wrecked talents, the poverty and crime resulting from indulgence in liquor drinking, came to the girl's mind with terrifying vividness.

"O! Father in heaven I cannot, I cannot marry that misery," she sobbed.

Catherine lived again those minutes on the veranda of her home, and shivered with disgust as she recalled the brutish change in Phillip's handsome person. The swollen face, the drunken limpness, the mumbling lips. It was too horrible to see her ideal of manliness lying there a mere helpless, besotted *thing*.

Isn't it our ideals that we really love? We meet a person whom we believe to be the

embodiment of what we most desire, and we think we love that person, but when we find that the soul that we worshipped is not developed in that individual. Does our previous admiration continue to exist? Does that personality ever completely attract us again?

Catherine Smead was a serious-minded girl, and her love had been sacred to her. It was hard to give up so precious a thing, but her only hope of retaining that love, was for Phillip to prove strong enough to overcome all appetite for alcohol.

It was nearly dawn before Catherine dragged her weay body to her bed, where at last she sank into the heavy sleep of exhaustion.

When Catherine woke the next morning the sun was dancing about her room as gaily as if disillusionments, disappointments, or crushed hopes couldn't exist; but the weary girl lay a long time thinking hard, and when she rose her movements were those of one whose mind is clear as to their course of action. She dressed carefully, and tried to remove all traces of the shock received. Catherine had a woman's pride in the man she loves, and could not endure to have her cousins know of her fiance's fall from grace. She was sure her aunt would say nothing without her permission, so that when she made her appearance in the family circle she was calm and smiling, and only a little paler than usual.

After a conference with Mrs. Holcomb it was decided that Mr. Smead should return to his

home to stop all gossip at that point, but it would be best for Catherine to remain several days with her aunt.

"Oh! Cathy we're so glad you've come," exclaimed the young Holcombs as Catherine entered the living room. There were four of them; Fred, the oldest, was eighteen; Elnore was sixteen, and Jim and Betty, eight and six years, respectively.

Jim seemed to feel it to be his mission to add as much varied experience as possible to the lives of those about him, and Betty was his helper and friend in all his mischief.

"We have planned to spend all of tomorrow at Point Defiance," said Mrs. Holcomb; "we were intending to drive over to get you to go with us, so we are truly glad that you came."

As the big touring car sped through the country early the next morning, with its merry party, Catherine, nestled in her corner, feasted her eyes on the beauty of exquisite sky tints, of flowers and trees, on the glint of the sun on the water, and wondered why, in the midst of all this glorious loveliness, men could degrade themselves to a state below comparison with anything else.

The cities of the Puget Sound country make a specialty of beautiful parks. The Tacoma peninsula thrusts the sharp point of its northern shore into the waters of the Sound, and much money has been expended to make the natural beauty of the Point one of the world's fine gardens. To the parks of their cities the

people of the Sound country flock to enjoy their holidays. There are no "Keep off the grass" signs, and the grass is walked upon, sat upon, rolled upon, and played upon, and remains green and thick.

The Holcomb family always enjoyed an outing at Point Defiance. On this visit they were delighted to find that a favorite camping spot was unoccupied, and in a short time had made themselves comfortable for the day. Tours of inspection were taken to the different places of interest, but good appetites brought them all together at lunch time.

"Momsie, I'm so hungry," wailed Jim, as he turned a handspring.

"So's I," echoed plump Betty, as she clumsily tried to follow Jim's example.

"Lunch is nearly ready, children, dear; be patient till the coffee is made," answered Mrs. Holcomb, as she stooped to kiss Betty and straighten Jim's collar.

"I wish dad was here. When's he coming home, momsie?"

"Next week, my son. Are you so anxious to see him?"

"Yes; he'd let me go in swimming, and you won't," whined the boy.

"Lunch is ready," called Catherine.

The luncheon is the central thought of a picnic. A lunchless picnic would seem a very tame affair to most people. Some unusual delicacies are always provided for that delightful meal

out of doors, and the spirit to play comes as natural as breathing.

The Holcombs thoroughly enjoyed the fine lunch they had brought with them, and when the few remains were repacked in the baskets to be ready for a bite during the evening drive homeward they were prepared to plan for the amusements of the afternoon.

"I think I will take a sketch of the lions," said Elnore. "The head of a lion is our examination lesson in drawing."

"I'm going over to see the game. There are a couple of teams on the field today," announced Fred.

"I will make a couch of our robes and stay here," said Mrs. Holcomb. "Jim and Betty, you must remain with mother this afternoon."

"Loan me a pillow and a corner of your robe, and I will stay with you, auntie," said Catherine, who was too troubled in spirit to enjoy sight seeing.

"I'll be very happy to have you near me, dear. Help yourself."

The hours slipped away. Elnore and Fred had returned to camp, and were excitedly relating to each other and their mother their different experiences, but Catherine, unable to fix her mind on her magazine, was slowly sauntering along the open hedge of bushes that bordered the little camp.

John Patterson, college graduate, and scientific farmer, with his mother and sister, was spending a day of recreation at the Point, and

had selected for their use a cozy spot the other side of the bushes where Catherine was trying to walk away the sorrow in her thoughts.

Jim, sulky because he was not allowed to swim in the Sound unless his father was with him, was sitting on the ground resentfully tearing up handfuls of grass, and throwing them at nothing in particular, but feeling quite peeved at the world in general, spied a large black bug busily pursuing the habits of its life. Another instant and that bug was securely kidnaped, imprisoned in a leaf, and Jim the pirate, was running to Catherine, well knowing her dread of crawling things, and calling out, 'Oh! Cathy, see what I found!' As the young Spirit-of-Mischief reached the girl, he threw the bug on her dress, and Catherine jumped backward, stooping as she did so to brush away the insect, lost her balance, and sat squarely down in a pan of ice water set under the bushes by John Patterson to keep cold his ice cream and drinking water.

A little shriek from the surprised girl. Strong hands lifting her to her feet, and a damp and very confused Catherine was looking up into a pair of clear brown eyes full of amusement, sympathy and regret. "Oh! I say, that was too mean of me to forget the ice. Dare I ask if you will try to forgive me? I was putting my mother and sister on the boat for Vashon, and had not yet picked up all our stuff." Catherine had no time to answer him because Mrs. Holcomb, seeing the accident,

reached her side with a travelling shawl. Raising her eyes as she wrapped the girl in its soft folds, she recognized the young man, and exclaimed, "John Patterson. Where did you come from, and where is your mother and Alice?" John explained. Then she introduced him to Catherine, and hurried her away, saying as they went that Mrs. Patterson was one of her old-time friends and neighbors in the eastern community where they were both born.

Elnore's contemptuous "Well, Jim!"

Fred's "Now you have put both feet into it, sir."

His mother's severe "James, my son, I sincerely hope that you will not again be guilty of such conduct," spoiled all Jim's fun, and he crawled under the bushes, with Betty after him, and wished he was dead.

John Patterson stood staring at Catherine as her aunt led her away, until Jim, who had been watching from his hiding place under the bushes, called out, "Aw, she's my cousin. She's engaged," brought his attention to the youngster.

"Your cousin, is she? Where does she live?"

"O! she lives home, down town," answered the boy, whose peace of mind was restored to him with a change of subjects, and who was now walking on his hands. Little Betty falling all over herself trying to imitate him.

CHAPTER II.

Phillip Wilford was returning to consciousness. His tongue tasted badly, and seemed too large for his mouth. He began to cluck, and turn his head restlessly. "Looks as if I got a heavy dose with the boys last night. Gee! Where is my head? It aches hard enough somewhere."

At this point in his meditations, Evans, who had been stationed outside the door, tiptoed into the room. Seeing signs of animation in the patient, he inquired, "Are you ready for your bath, Sir?"

Phillip opened his eyes, and lay looking at the speaker; finally recognizing him, exclaimed, "How the devil did you get here, Evans?"

"I didn't get here, sir, I belong," answered the man.

The mists were lifting from Phillip's brain. He looked wildly around the room. "Whose home is this?" he demanded.

"It belongs to Mr. James Smead," said Evans.

Phillip gave a bound to the floor. "Do you mean to tell me that this is Catherine Smead's home?"

"Miss Catherine lives here with her father, sir."

Wilford almost fell into a nearby chair.

Burying his face in his hands he moaned out, "My God! My God! They will never forgive me. Curse the luck! What a damned fool a fellow can make of himself."

Wilford was well aware of the prejudices of the Smead family against alcoholic beverages, but the knowledge had rested lightly on his consciousness. Never until now had he realized how family influence might affect his union with Catherine. He had not given any thought to his own habits, but had lived his life as usual without feeling any need of change, but at this moment he was fully awakened to the fact that Catherine's relations would lose all respect for him if they should learn of his dissipation, and that his fiancée's love might be killed outright.

"Your bath is ready, sir," announced Evans, as he busily raised window shades, and arranged the chairs, incidently remarking, "Mr. Smead and Miss Catherine are away somewhere." This was a great relief. For an instant Phillip wished he could hope that they had not been at home the night before, but sadly he remembered that Catherine would have been waiting for him.

Phillip appreciated the hot bath, and the cool shower that seemed to bring back his self command; and he eagerly drank the good coffee that Evans brought to him, but he was too worried and ashamed to touch the temptingly prepared food. He longed to know what had occurred, but could not bring himself to ask old Evans. He remembered the meeting at the club. He

remembered that he had started in his machine to keep his appointment with Catherine, and that Jim Wirt had gone with him as far as the entrance to the Smead driveway. That Jim had a bottle of fine brandy, that they both sampled until Jim left the car; whatever happened afterwards was not imprinted on his memory.

Phillip Wilford had not been long out of college. He had only recently opened his first office as a Doctor of Medicine. At present there were not many patients, although his ability and attractive personality were rapidly winning friends to him.

Phillip knew he must appear at his office. He slowly descended the stairway and passed through the forsaken hall to the veranda. He was very miserable. The deserted house was a censure that hurt deeply. It was well for his peace of mind that he could not vision the scene of the previous evening. Had he seen the picture of himself as his fiancée had seen it, his suffering would have been unendurable. Phillip wondered what had happened to his roadster, and he stood on the veranda debating whether to walk or take the street car, when Evans came to tell him that his machine had been safely housed. That was good news. Evidently he had arrived without accident.

The old garage was familiar to Wilford. The roadster had often occupied it when its owner was spending the evening with Catherine. Phillip carefully examined the machine. It was all right if he was not. His head ached severely,

but he took the wheel and started for the office.

A few patients, a few calls, filled the hours of the doctor's day; but nothing could quiet the sharp agony of shame and regret which grew stronger as his outraged brain was being released from the deadening effects of Jim Wirt's brandy. Often he had drank more than was good for him, but never before this time had he lost control of himself.

Phillip wished he knew what had happened. He had been a long time winning Catherine's consent to marry him; now he was afraid he had lost her, and he loved her; she was so pure and good; so sensible and lovable.

"I cannot give her up, but, will she forgive me?" he groaned to himself.

Wilford knew he must make some explanation to Mr. Smead as well as to Catherine; but how to go about it, how to excuse such an offense, what to say, he could not get clear in his mind. It was several days before he mustered the courage to phone to Mr. Smead and ask for an interview.

When Phillip arrived at the Smead residence, Catherine's father was waiting for him on the veranda.

"Good evening, Phil. Come over here and be comfortable," said Mr. Smead cheerily, while he patted the pillows on the settee. "It is warm indoors, and I am a little lonely without my girl. I am glad you came."

"Isn't Catherine at home?" asked Phillip, who was both glad and sorry that he was not

obliged to meet his sweetheart this time. He was glad because of the deep shame that was his. Sorry because of his longing to see her, to hear her voice, to touch her hand once more.

"Catherine is at Holcomb's. I believe they would keep her always if I didn't assert my rights occasionally; they don't seem to think her dad has any need of his daughter," grumbled Mr. Smead.

"Mr. Smead, I-I didn't come to offer an excuse for what occurred the other evening; there isn't any to cover it. I came to ask if I might hope for pardon. I-I promise you such a thing shall not happen again," blurted Phillip.

"My son, God has promised to forgive our sins when we repent and turn from evil ways, and who am I that I should dare to withhold forgiveness. I truly hope that you will keep your promise to let it be the last time, as I also hope it was the first; I would not like to again see you in such a condition," kindly answered Mr. Smead.

A singing sparrow twittering his goodnight to the departing day was the only sound that broke the long silence that followed when Mr. Smead ceased speaking. Phillip was aimlessly fingering his hat. The older man was looking out over the lawn with moist eyes. Catherine's father was fond of his daughter's fiance, and had been greatly worried about Phillip's delinquency.

"Will you ask Catherine if she will try to

forgive me?" asked Wilford; his voice trembling slightly with his deep contrition.

"Phillip, from earliest childhood Catherine has been taught to prayerfully work out her own problems; to come to her mother or to me for advice only when she could not reach a satisfying conclusion for herself; of course we tried to guide her to a wise and right decision. In this crisis of her life I can say very little to her until she comes to me. Catherine will be at home tomorrow. May I tell her that you will call?"

"Indeed, you may do so. I am longing to see her. I do love her, sir, and I don't intend to hurt her again."

"You and I will say no more about the affair, Phil." Mr. Smead then began a discussion of general topics, so that when Wilford rose to go to his home he was more at ease than he had been at any time since he first awoke to the knowledge of the effects of Jim Wirt's brandy.

CHAPTER III.

In the soft, warm air of another summer evening, Catherine again sat on the veranda watching to see the lights of Phillip's roadster turn into the driveway of her home. Night was trailing her dark draperies over the earth, and Catherine was glad to have the comfort of the shadows during the ordeal of the coming interview. It would be difficult to say to Phillip what she intended to tell him, and the shield of the enfolding darkness would be a support to her courage.

As the machine stopped, and the fine figure of its owner approached her, Catherine felt as if awakening from a dreadful dream. A thrill of tenderness flashed over her, and she drifted into her lover's outstretched arms.

Phillip held her closely; almost fearing that she might vanish away from him forever if he let her go free from his embrace. Bending his head, he whispered, "Darling, what can I do to atone?"

Catherine rested against him a moment before she drew herself away to answer his question.

"Let us sit here," she said, leading the way to the settee.

Phillip arranged the cushions to make a com-

fortable resting place for his fiance, but Catherine preferred to sit in front of him in the porch arm-chair.

"Phillip, dear," she began with gentle hesitation, "was it, was it the first time? Tell me, truly."

Wilford waited a moment before he answered slowly, "O! I've taken a glass with the boys sometimes, but I never forgot myself before. I don't understand how it happened."

Catherine stared at the vines growing over the veranda. There was a cold clutch at her thoughts. What she dreaded to know Phillip had told her was a fact; *he was accustomed to drinking.*

Wilford's eyes had been riveted on his hat which he had been twirling over his hand. Feeling the silence between them he glanced at Catherine, and saw by the light of the rising moon, how set and white her face had grown. He put out his hand to try to draw her closer to him, but she shrank away. Leaning towards her, he said, "Sweetheart, it is a matter of business; the boys think a fellow is a softy if he doesn't take something once in a while."

"I admire a person who cannot be ridiculed into degrading himself," said Catherine slowly; then with a quickly drawn breath, she added, "Phillip, Phillip, we cannot marry, *we must not marry*, unless you will give up entirely those habits. Dearest," pleaded the girl, drawing closer to him, "mother used to say that when people married it was their duty to give to the

world clean-bodies, clear-brained children, and that they couldn't do so if their blood was poisoned with alcohol."

The young physician had nothing to say. Well, he knew she spoke the truth.

Catherine sat tense, straight back against her chair, with her tightly clenched hands lying in her lap. Wilford covered one of those cold hands with his own, and in a voice mellow with tenderness and longing, said, "Little sweetheart, if we married soon it would help me over—"

Catherine rose quickly to her feet, saying a little impatiently, "Phil, I don't want to help you. The father of my children must be strong enough to help himself. I will wait for you three years—we are both young. I will wear your ring for that time. At the end of three years if you have entirely overcome all desire for liquor we will wed; that is, of course, if you care to wait for me. Oh, Phillip, if you love me, you will win."

"Those are hard conditions, Catherine. Three years is a long probation. Surely a fellow might prove himself in less than three years. I'm not going to be a drunkard, I promise you that. Three years," said Wilford, looking down and fumbling his hat; "dearest, till next week seems an eternity. Three years? I'll die."

"I couldn't expect you to wait for me if you do not want to do so," said Catherine loftily; you might find someone willing to take the chances."

"O! I'll wait. I'm not wanting anyone else," hurriedly answered Phillip.

A clock was striking the hour. Wilford rose and bent over his fiancée. "Will you kiss me good-night, darling? I must go now to see old Nixon; he is down again, and I promised to call before bedtime."

Catherine slowly raised her head, and Phillip reverently kissed her cold lips, saying tenderly, "Dear little sweetheart, goodnight. You are right. May God bless and keep you always."

After the young physician went away, Catherine sat for a long time huddled in a corner of the settee. The bright moonlight, the gentle waving of the soft summer air, the witchery of soft light and shadows were so soothing to her tired nerves that she almost fell asleep, but thinking she was looking up into a pair of laughing brown eyes, startled her into consciousness. "The idea!" she muttered impatiently, and took herself off to her room.

CHAPTER IV.

The branches of the bare trees made a black lace border for the edge of a leaden sky.

John Patterson stood in the midst of his blackberry field regarding with interrogating eyes the long line of folding gray clouds at the horizon. Did the weather intend to rain, or would it be only cold and cloudy? The handsome collie at his side looked up at him with an expression of patiently waiting for his master's decision, as is the habit of canines.

"Well, Snaps," said Patterson, addressing the dog, "if it rains we cannot go to town, our tires are too smooth; if it does not rain we will go, and buy a set of new ones, and some chains."

Patterson was slowly approaching the pretty bungalow where his mother and sister kept house for him, when Mrs. Patterson opened the kitchen door, and called, "John, did you intend to go to Tacoma today?"

"I have had a private interview with the weather trying to decide that question, mother, but if you want something very much we will take the case into our own hands. What is it?"

"Alice is invited to a party, and needs the dress she bought last week; it was left to be altered at Jenkins & Sons, and I have a list of groceries I would like to have you bring home with you."

"Very well, mother, I will be eating up the distance to town in about ten minutes."

It was less than ten minutes later when John's machine rolled to the concrete paved highway. Snaps, looking important and happy, sat beside his master.

John did not drive fast. There had been rain the day before and he loved the clean air, the fresh brightness of the evergreen foliage, and the sweet dampness of the December day; he admired the sparkling vitality of each tiny plant and blade of grass of the carpet of verdure that covers the ground almost the entire year, in western Washington and Oregon.

Patterson turned his machine into an abandoned road, where the sulal bushes spread their shining leaves from the ground to several feet in the air, forming a lovely hedge beneath the conifers that lined the road on either side. As John peered into the forest he saw dogwood trees, wild currant bushes, and spireas among a wealth of interesting undergrowth. There were ferns making homes on the roots of old trees, and logs and stumps wearing great plumes of ferns to make their old age attractive. Just the place to stroll with one's beloved.

"Snaps," said John to his dog, "I see a pair of indignant, embarrassed, clean-souled gray eyes, looking straight into mine. I wish she was here to see this wonderful old road with us. If she wasn't engaged to that other lucky chap, we would ask her to come, wouldn't we?"

Snaps had been taught to restrain any incli-

nation he might have towards undue familiarity, when his master was driving, but he could not resist placing one fore paw a little nearer to him, turning his dainty nose almost into John's collar, and winking his eyes in understanding sympathy.

An instant later Snaps gave a low growl; John looked in the direction indicated by the dog, and saw a woman approaching him. She was walking briskly, but evidently appreciating the beauty about her as she stepped along. She was wearing a motor coat and velvet toque of dark green. She seems like the "Spirit-of-the-Forest" she harmonizes so well with the surroundings, thought John. To Snaps he added aloud, "Some woman out driving has had an accident, and needs assistance. We must help her."

A second look at the lady and John exclaimed, "Snaps it is our gray eyes. What do you think of that?" It didn't take long to stop the machine and reach the ground in time to greet Catherine Smead.

"Good morning, Miss Smead."

"Oh! Mr. Patterson, good morning. I am selfishly glad to meet someone I know," answered Catherine. My coupe is back on this road. I've had a blowout. I am helpless because daddy borrowed my jack, and has forgotten to return it."

"I will be very happy to do anything I can," and Patterson held open for Catherine the door of the tonneau. "Snaps, you must sit on the

back seat. Over, sir." The dog obeyed, jealously eyeing the newcomer as he did so.

"What a lovely dog. Is he cross? What's his name?" inquired the young lady as she seated herself in the car.

"I call him Snaps. Miss Smead this is Snaps," introduced John.

The intelligent creature waited a second to give Catherine a critical survey, and then laid his fine muzzle in her out-stretched hand, wagging his tail with pleasure as she stroked and petted him.

The coupe was soon reached. While Catherine was telling Patterson where the trouble was located, that gentleman was busily opening his kit box, lifting seats, feeling along the tonneau floor, and apparently much puzzled; finally he turned to Catherine, saying, "Really Miss Smead, it is quite comical, I don't find my jack either. I will not be able to fix the tire, but I have a stout rope. If you will accept a seat in my car we will pull the coupe home."

"I will be sorry to put you to so much trouble, but I would like to get home as soon as I can, and I will be glad to accept your kind offer. I promised to do some typewriting for my father this afternoon, and he likes to have me on duty promptly. I ought not to have come out," Catherine added as she nestled into the car seat, "but I felt that I must have a run to the woods; they are so resting, so wonderful. I love this old road. I often drive through it."

"So do I," said John.

"Please come into the house, and meet my father," Catherine entreated, when all too soon for Patterson's wishes the Smead residence was reached.

"I will be glad to do so," answered John.

With the easy grace that was natural to him, James Smead greeted John Patterson, and thanked him for the help given to his daughter. As the two men chatted together Mr. Smead was being greatly attracted to the younger man. He liked the quiet self-reliance, the masterful poise of him, and he asked John to remain to luncheon. John accepted the invitation grateful for an opportunity to visit with Catherine one more hour.

When Patterson departed to go about his errands, Catherine went to her room, and from the windows watched his machine until it was out of sight. She was still standing motionless thinking, thinking; when her father's knock aroused her from her meditations, and she answered, "Yes, dad, I'm coming."

John Patterson returned to his home, and ran his machine into the garage as usual. Snaps remaining in the car till bidden to alight, watched his master fumbling with the rugs on the tonneau floor; saw him take a queer looking thing, and put it into his kit box. Noticing that the dog was eyeing his movements, John said, looking sternly at him, "Snaps, you deceitful creature, do you mean to tell me that you deliberately hid my jack, and told a fib, that

you might visit with gray eyes? You wicked dog."

Poor Snaps, being a well-behaved canine, could not understand why his master should be displeased with him, and began to look very sorrowful, seeing which, John relented, and gave his pet a hug, whispering to him, "Snaps, if we never have another one, we have had this day with *her*."

CHAPTER V.

The wide windows of Catherine's boudoir overlooked the lawn and driveway of the Smead residence; they faced the west, and the high ground on which the house was built made possible a fine view of the distant waters of Puget Sound, and the Olympic mountains, with all the intervening beauty of town and hillside, forest and stream. Catherine never tired of the picture framed by her windows.

It was to these windows that she brought her problems. Her favorite hour was when the sky was ablaze with the exquisite colorings of the Puget Sound sunsets. Affairs of the day that had seemed important faded into insignificance or nothingness under the spell of the beauty of mountain and sea, of the shadows of hill and vale, and the vastness, and glory of the sky.

The real problems were simplified, and her path made clearer by a quiet visit with the sunset.

It was gray December now, but Catherine sat before her windows watching a bank of clouds piling together on the horizon, while the setting sun, going down between two mountain peaks, was painting a patch of brilliant crimson on the dull sky.

"It will be a year tomorrow since my tire blew out on the old woods road," she murmured to herself. "I wonder if he remembers." Then even in the twilight shadows the warm blood rushed to her cheek as if she felt guilty of some misconduct. With a motion of her hand as if brushing away an unwelcome object, she rose from her lounging chair, and busied herself making a simple toilet for dinner.

During the year John Patterson had called on Mr. Smead several times. James Smead and John Patterson had a genuine liking, and admiration for each other, as well as a common interest in the same subjects. After his graduation from the university in his home state, Patterson had taken an agricultural college course, and had chosen berry culture, and poultry raising as the business best suited to his tastes. Mr. Smead's hobby was producing strains of birds of high egg records, so that there was an interesting comparison of experience between the two men.

But back of all his pleasure in James Smead's company, was the soul's call for its real mate. Patterson was aware of the longing to see Cath-

erine that was throbbing into his consciousness. He did not intend to try to win her for himself. He respected the betrothal as much as he would the wedding ring, and he would determinedly keep away from the Smead residence, but the hunger to only look at the girl was a driving force he could not always resist, although he hid his admiration for her beneath a manner of mere friendliness.

Catherine was as strongly attracted to John. She watched for his coming and missed him when he was away without thinking out the reason for her feelings. There was an unusual harmony of thoughts and interests between them; both of them had been reared in the strictest principles of temperance, and the horrors that follow indulgence in alcohol drinking were as terrifying to John as they were to Catherine, and in her struggle to overcome the shock of disillusionment regarding Phillip's habits, John's presence seemed always to rest her.

There can be no really deep love without confidence, and trust once destroyed is seldom fully restored. The influence of that terrible scene when Phillip lay on the veranda floor, writhing and mumbling at her feet, had shattered forever the old idolizing, worshiping love that had induced Catherine to promise to give her life into his keeping. Try as she would, she could not prevent the feeling of dread that came to her, whenever she saw the roadster turn into the driveway, lest its driver might not be quite himself, or as he bent to kiss her, the wonder if

there was the odor of liquor on his breath; yet she had a tender mothering pity for him; it would be such a dreadful ending to a promising career, to have all his fine talents and ability, all his beautiful personality ruined if he could not be cured of the disease of drink.

Catherine felt that it was demanded of her that she give Phillip the encouragement of her loyalty to him, but she did not like to have him lean on her for his uplift; she wanted him to depend only on Infinite Love for the power to resist the temptation to degrade himself; she knew that pitying contempt would take the place of wifely love if she was compelled to be the support of her husband's character as well as her own. She also knew that to be really strong a man must be able to stand alone and she did not aspire to be a wife to a weakling.

Three months ago Phillip had made a visit to the eastern city where he had attended college. His manner was different since his return to the western coast; now he seldom asked for his goodnight kiss, and when he did do so, he merely brushed his sweetheart's hair with his lips, and Catherine, unconsciously growing away from him, was so glad to be released from his caresses that she did not think to question why he had changed.

This December evening, Phillip was expected to dine at the Smead home, and Catherine put on the pretty pink dress that he liked, and in the coils of her brown hair she fastened one of the lovely pink roses that Evans had

brought in from the garden in the afternoon. As Catherine stood before her mirror to be assured that her toilet was complete and becoming, she made a pretty picture of a lovable girl; she was not, however, quite satisfied with the arrangement of the rose, and she was placing it differently, when she suddenly realized the change in Phillip since his return from his visit east. She gave a little gasp as she wondered if he had met another girl that he liked better than herself. "Would I care very much if he had?" she asked the mirror. Then answering her own question, she thought, "I do not know. I wish I could forget that night; I cannot help the fear of its repetition."

CHAPTER VI.

The day had been a very busy one for Phillip Wilford. He had found an unusual number of affairs needing his immediate attention, and he had worked with feverish energy since early morning. Now as the twilight came on he rested in his big office chair, his dearly loved bulldog asleep beside him.

Although Snyder had lived the most of his life at the end of a chain, because of his propensity to chase other people's cats, and to injure the pet dogs of the neighborhood, he had seldom

been separated from his master for a complete twenty-four hours since a friend of Phillip's had placed the puppy as a gift, in the young man's arm. Phillip had even taken him to college. Snyder was always given the freedom of the office after closing time. The dog was growing old, and a short romp with his worshipped master made him content to lie still near Wilford's chair.

Phillip's body was very tired, but as he relaxed the tension on his nerves to the comfort of the big chair, his mind was intent on the picture of his visit east. He recalled the night when several of his old college gang discovered that he was in town, and insisted on entertaining him. Wine was passed. Phillip hesitated as he took the glass offered to him, and was intending to refuse to drink, when Tom Reed called out, "Come on, old top; a drink for auld lang syne." Wilford thought, I'm not going to get drunk. One glass will not hurt me, and swallowed the liquor. He did not expect to lose control of himself, but the wine set his blood to tingling, and when the second glass was handed to him he drank it jollily. There were more drinks; and more reckless gaiety. These young men were all well educated, accomplished, and prosperous. Isn't it strange that they should be willing to drag their splendid advantages down to so low a plane and call it pleasure?

"Let's go down to Twombly's," suggested Tom Reed. "I have heard that he has a lot of pretty new girls."

"All right," responded the gang. "We will take a look in."

They had drank enough to make them happily indifferent to consequences as they sallied forth to Twombley's, a dance hall on the outskirts of the city. When they arrived at the place each one of the crowd selected a partner, and joined the dancers. Between dances more wine was drank, and the night was spent in revelry.

The next morning Wilford was sure that he had not entirely lost the use of his legs, but his memory of the details of the happenings of the night before was very indistinct. His head ached frightfully. He did not want to remember anything. He knew enough to make his soul sick with regret as thoughts of Catherine came to his mind. "I am thankful she doesn't know. It shall be, *it shall be the last time*," he moaned into his pillow.

A sense of shame, of failure and disgrace, hung over Wilford like a pall. He would not stay in that city. Hurriedly finishing the business that had taken him to the east, Phillip arrived in his home town as fast as trains could carry him there.

Wilford was starving for a sight of his fiancée, but it was several days after his return to his home before he could muster the courage to meet her. He was ashamed of himself; deeply humbly ashamed, and penitent. Finally, stimulated by the firm resolve that never again would he fall from grace, he ventured to call.

As the days went by, a sickening, terrifying knowledge began to force itself on Phillip's attention. He was learning that his life was ruined; that for him marriage to anyone was impossible.

The young physician put himself under treatment at once, but daily the conviction that it was too late, was ground into his consciousness; that for an hour's indulgence, a single night of revelry, his beautiful body had become a pestiferous thing to be shunned by all men with disgust, and horror. He might be able to keep his secret from the world for a time, but the poison would always be with him.

Phillip had kept away from Catherine as much as he could without exciting comment. In agony of soul he refrained from the caresses which he loved to bestow on her; he was too honorable to take any risk of contaminating her clean blood.

Wilford's tortured mind could not at first make out what course of action to follow. He could not break his engagement unless he could give Catherine a reason for so doing, and it was not to be thought of that she should know the truth, and he must never marry anyone. The poor fellow's misery was pitiful, but in the darkness that had fallen upon his life he saw a door of release, and he proceeded to open it.

This night he sat in his office, his day's work done, every task finished. His fine lips were drawn to a firm, straight line, as of one who has a duty to perform, and intends to get

through with it as soon as possible. On his desk lay a large business-like envelope addressed to "Miss Catherine Smead," and a folded paper not sealed. At one side was a hypodermic needle case, and a small phial.

Phillip carefully looked over all these articles, and laid them back on the desk. From a drawer he took a photograph of Catherine, leaning it against a pile of books in a position that suited him. He studied the photo several minutes, then his handsome head slowly sank on his folded arms, and he groaned out, "Oh! My God! What a price I must pay for weakness and selfishness. Had I really loved Catherine as I should have done—better than anything else, I would have no need to face what this night brings to me."

Wilford raised his head, and took the hypodermic needle from its case, and after testing it, filled the needle with the liquid from the small phial, and called Snyder to his lap.

A plunge of the sharp point, and Snyder sprang to the floor, only to fall over, with a few muscular contractions, a very dead dog.

Phillip had turned away his head until the sound of movement was quiet; then he took the lifeless form of his pet in his arms, and kissed the white muzzle. "Dear old doggie, no one can abuse you now," he said.

Opening wide the door of his office; sitting beside the body of the dog, in a position where he could see Catherine's picture, Phillip pressed the needle into his own veins, and in a few sec-

onds, handsome, accomplished, successful Phillip Wilford, with a fine future before him, was growing cold in death by his own hand.

A half hour later, the janitor, noticing the open door of Doctor Wilford's office, looked into the room to find out the reason for such a happening after hours, and saw on the floor the body of Phillip with his arm around the dead dog, and his face in line with Catherine's photograph.

Dinner had been waiting half an hour. Catherine, with a cold dread clinging to her thoughts, laid her hand on her father's shoulder, saying, "We will have dinner, dad, dear; perhaps there has been an accident, and Phillip couldn't come away."

"He might have phoned or asked someone to do so," complained Mr. Smead.

"It seems as if he might have done so, dad, but perhaps a person can't think of small things when there is a big suffering to be relieved. In the way of a woman, Catherine was trying to make excuses for Phillip, to her own anxiety.

Mrs. Stewart, a widowed friend of her mother's was helping Catherine with her home duties, and the little family had taken their seats at the dining table, when the sound of a machine on the driveway, made father and daughter involuntarily flash a terrified glance at each other. A vision of that night months ago, when Phillip was late, came to both of them, and Catherine, too weak with fear to

speaking audibly, whispered, "Dad, will you meet him first?"

It was not Phillip who was waiting, when Mr. Smead answered the doorbell's ring. A strange voice inquired if Miss Smead was at home; and a low-toned conversation followed the inquiry.

Catherine had risen to her feet, and was clutching the table and her chair for support; she was faint with dread, with apprehension, and the vision of the past that raced through her mind; her nerves had not yet fully recovered from the shock of her discovery of Phillip's weakness, and she was easily startled into a fear of a recurrence of that never-to-be-forgotten scene on the veranda.

When James Smead returned to the dining room, and Catherine saw his solemn, white face, she gasped out, "What is it? What is it? Tell me quick."

Mr. Smead tenderly drew the trembling girl within his encircling arm. Laying his cheek against her hair, he half whispered, "My little girl. My dear little girl. Are you strong enough to hear some sad news?"

Catherine, now thoroughly frightened, sobbed, "I must be, daddy. What is it? Tell me what has happened."

As tactfully as he could, her father told Catherine that a messenger had brought the information of Phillip's suicide.

"Oh! My father. What are you saying?" cried Catherine, who was growing cold, and

white, and wholly unnerved as she began to understand what Mr. Smead was trying to tell her.

“Phillip dead, and by suicide?” If it had not been for her father’s supporting arm Catherine would have slipped to the floor, from sheer panic at the horror of such a thing. Mr. Smead laid her on the couch, while motherly Mrs. Stewart rubbed the girl’s hands and bathed her forehead.

Mr. Smead bent lovingly over his daughter, and the act helped her to recover her self-control, she asked him, “What made him do it? Daddy, do you think, do you suppose he was drinking?”

“I cannot tell you, darling, but there is a letter for you which may explain the affair. The coroner is waiting to know what directions Phillip has given as to the disposal of his remains. It seems, dear, that he left a note, saying that special instructions about them were enclosed in this letter to you. Will you see the coroner now?” Catherine nodded; she was anxious to be rid of strangers as soon as possible; to get away to her room; to think by herself. Phillip dead? How could it be true?

The coroner, attended by a police officer, entered the room and handed Catherine an envelope; with trembling fingers she tore it open, and drew out three enclosures; one was marked, “Copy of my will;” another one bore the inscription, “Strictly private;” the third was an open paper. Catherine’s eyes were full of tears

as she passed the unsealed paper to her father. "P-please read it for me, daddy," she said brokenly.

James Smead read that Phillip desired him to take charge of the funeral arrangements, and to have his body cremated, and the remains sealed in a niche already purchased in the local columbarium. He had sent a copy of his will to avoid any confusion in the disposal of his estate.

CHAPTER VII.

Tah-ho-ma's white crest stood out in strong relief against a sky of deepest azure, and in the enveloping flood of bright sunlight the mountain gleamed and glistened like a vision from paradise, on one of those "wonderful beauty days," that are common in the Puget Sound country.

The Patterson family were busily preparing for a drive to Point Defiance park, where, in company with the Holcomb's, and Smeads, they were to spend the day.

John Patterson was helping to pack the lunch baskets under his mother's supervision, who thought as she watched him how fine and manly he looked, meanwhile offering a silent prayer of thankfulness for his clean life, and strong character.

Suddenly she said, "John, I wish you would get married."

John flushed a little as he raised his eyes in surprise. "Are you tired of taking care of me?" he asked her, while he was industriously putting the salt shaker into the basket and taking it out again.

"My son, you know better than to ask that question. I love this beautiful country, and your pretty place. But, John, dear, I would like to spend my last days in my girlhood's home. You are my baby, but, dear, you have two brothers and a sister settled in the old town, and Alice wants to go back there."

John caught his mother in his arms and gave her a hearty kiss, saying, roguishly, "If I can find someone to have me, perhaps I will marry."

"Have you!" snorted Mrs. Patterson, "they might be complimented to have a chance to get you." There was an understanding flash in her tender eyes as she turned away to finish the preparations for the day's outing.

It is nearly always mother who makes the way clear for her son.

More than a year and a half had passed since Dr. Wilford's sad death; he had bequeathed his office equipment to a struggling classmate, but the bulk of his estate he had given entirely to Catherine. Phillip had been an orphan, and an only child, but his parents had left him a very comfortable patrimony. Perhaps his money was a hindrance rather than a help to a man of Phillip's temperament; it made life too easy

for him. Temptation is much stronger when there is the money to pay for its gratification.

Catherine felt that she must make a good use of Phillip's estate; not for a moment did she think of keeping it for herself. She wanted to establish something that would be a beacon light to warn other young men of the dangers of the gay, wild life.

Alone in her room Catherine had read Phillip's sorrowful, penitent confession of his fault, and she had wept with tenderest pity at the story; it made her feel that with the knowledge she possessed it must be her life work to do all in her power to prevent such tragedies. She had been trying to arrange a serviceable system for arousing the self-respecting spirit in young men, but had not yet been able to entirely overcome the unexpected obstacles that had arisen.

It is strange, but true, that knowledge must knock hard and long at the door of intelligence before his wonderful form is recognized and he is admitted as a welcome guest. However, there were encouragements, and Catherine felt sure that, with her father and John Patterson to help her, she might put into operation some definite worthy plan that might encourage whatever young men who would come within its influence to save their self respect, or what part of it that was left to them.

Patterson had been a frequent caller at the Smead residence since Catherine had been freed from her engagement to Dr. Wilford, and his

appreciation of her fine character and lovable disposition increased with every visit, but he could not make out that the girl's thought of him was anything except that of friendship. He had no idea of what Catherine's feeling for Dr. Wilford had been; she always spoke of him in terms of highest praise, because she felt that Phillip had suffered enough for his folly to have his mistakes buried with him, and John was of too large a soul to intrude his love upon her months of mourning.

Catherine had found a deep, satisfying pleasure in John's friendly companionship. In her perplexities regarding the use of Phillip's fortune it was comforting to be able to confer with one whom she knew was untainted by the curse she wanted to help overcome, and whose firm, high principles were above suspicion.

"Come, girlie, we're waiting," called Mr. Smead from the driveway.

"Yes, daddy, I'll be there in a minute," answered his daughter, as she hastily caught up a travelling rug and paused a moment before her windows for a lingering look at the beautiful picture seen from them. As she stood there, memory flashed upon her mind the scene of that dreadful evening when Phillip's handsome person, and all that was worth while in him, lay, befuddled and worse than beastly, in a disgusting heap at her feet. "John Patterson will never do anything of that kind," she thought, as she took the chair beside her father. Mrs. Stewart had appropriated the rear seat for the

better protection of the precious lunch baskets.

At the Holcomb residence there was the usual happy rushing to and fro of a family preparing for a day's outing:

Elnore adjusting the scarf of her middy, and careful that her tam was at the proper angle;

Jim very much interested in helping Fred pack his fishing tackle;

Betty advising her doll to keep its dress clean all day;

Mr. Holcomb selecting magazines;

Mrs. Holcomb, here, there, and everywhere, overlooking everything, and all the time watching Jim and Betty to prevent them from soiling their clothes before starting on the trip.

Having seen that the fishing tackle was safely packed, Jim wandered to the living room window to find out if life held anything for him in that direction, just as the Smeads' car arrived at the door.

"Here comes Uncle James, and Cathy, and Auntie Stewart!" exclaimed the boy.

"What makes you call her 'Auntie' Stewart?" asked Elnore.

"Well, she'll have to marry Uncle James when Cathy gets married; then she'll be my aunt, I guess. I like her, anyway," defiantly.

"Who told you that Cathy was going to get married?" asked Fred.

"Nobody," answered Jim.

"How do you know it then?"

"Oh! Conclusively. Mr. Patterson is always

taking her around," explained observing small boy.

Mrs. Holcomb listened without comment to this conversation of her youngsters, as she hurried out to greet the Smeads. But while she was superintending the embarking of her own family she was taking a good look at her brother-in-law, and at Mrs. Stewart's sweet face, and a side glance at Catherine. "I wonder," she said to herself, as she buttoned Betty's coat and put Jim's cap straight on his head.

The Pattersons were waiting at the entrance to the park when the other two machines arrived there, and, being well acquainted with the grounds, the party was not long in finding a suitable location for their camp.

It was early in the day—plenty of time for adventure before the lunch hour, and Alice, Elnore, Mr. Holcomb and James Smead, went on a tour of inspection of the park rose gardens. Fred chose to go fishing, taking Jim with him on condition that he obeyed his brother's commands. The older women improvised couches beneath the trees where the music of the softly swaying branches was like balm to tired nerves.

"I hear the whistles of a liner; the shipping life of the Sound is always interesting to me. Shall we go down to the dock to watch her tie up?" John asked Catherine.

"Yes, indeed. I love to see the big boats come into port."

They were good to look at, these two clean souls, as they strode away to where John's car

was parked. The firm steps, the graceful, upright bodies, gave plain evidence that dissipation was a poison unknown to them.

The commercial centers of Tacoma are several miles from Point Defiance, but the automobile isn't troubled by such small matters as miles. The trip to the dock and return to camp left a goodly share of the hours of the forenoon for more enjoyment.

"Miss Smead, have you ever been over to Fox Island?"

"No, I haven't."

"Would you like to go there with me?"

"I certainly would enjoy the trip."

The water was like a smooth sea of opal, reflecting, as in a mirror, the shores and sky. As the little launch slipped along, leaving in its wake a stream of rainbow-colored jewels, Catherine felt as if she was living a fairy story, sailing in a boat of pearl to scenes of wonderful mystery. Around her there seemed to be an enchanted world too beautiful to be real, yet it was a very substantial country and her own birthland.

Fox Island is a small mound rising, tree-crested, out of the water. John found a place to beach the boat, and together he and Catherine scrambled up a steep bank to sit among the trees and ferns at the top. Beneath a wide branched maple tree Patterson spread his coat for Catherine and threw his own stalwart person on the ground near her.

Like light through a curtain is the glimpse

of exquisite realities that are perceived by entities of pure and high-plane development, but, weak as the vision may be, it will lift the soul high above merely material expression. There was such harmonious unity of spirit between John Patterson and Catherine Smead, they were so enthralled by their spiritual perception of the beauty of the day and their surroundings, that speech seemed unnecessary. There was a long interval of silence; then John put his hand over Catherine's as it lay on the ground beside her. She did not withdraw it, and John reverently touched his lips to the small fingers. "I love you, dearest. Will you be willing to take me for a husband? Will you be my dear little wife?" he pleaded.

Catherine was not really surprised, but until then she had not measured her feelings for John and the surge of the realization that she did care for him, with a love deeper and finer than any she had known before, held her powerless to speak, until, seeing that Patterson was waiting for his answer, she slipped her hand into his, saying earnestly, "'Till death do us part."

"Ah! You tardy ones. I began to think you would miss our fine lunch," exclaimed Mrs. Patterson, laughingly, to the lovers when they reached the camp. "This delightful air certainly gives a person an appetite, and we are all so hungry that I am not sure of anything being left for absent people."

John gave his mother's hand an informing little pressure as he passed her to speak to Mr.

Smead, while the remainder of the company were searching for comfortable seats round the "table," which was a cloth spread on the ground.

Food never tastes so delicious as when eaten out of doors. Our party were merry folks, and, rich in abundant health, they did full justice to the viands prepared for the day's pleasure. There was talk, and jest, and laughter. Only John and Catherine, filled with the sanctity of their great happiness, had little to say.

"Where are your fish, Fred?" asked Mr. Holcomb of his son.

"I have it, sir."

"*It*," chorused the crowd. "Didn't you catch but one?"

"A person is mighty lucky to get one; I'd think one was plenty if it was big enough," mumbled Fred.

"Let us see it," was the next demand.

The young man hesitated.

"Don't believe you caught any," said Elnore.

"You don't? I'll show you that I did, Miss," and Fred unblushingly drew from his shirtwaist pocket a wee smelt, about four inches long, and gazed solemnly around the table, while they jeered at him.

Fred unblushingly drew from his shirtwaist pocket a wee smelt, about four inches long, and gazed solemnly around the table, while they jeered at him.

Until he was obliged to stop for breath, Jim had been too busy satisfying his hunger to talk. Now he valiently came to his brother's rescue,

saying: "You needn't laugh, we dug the clams for this chowder and a lot more to take home."

Betty had finished her ice cream and had slipped away from the "table." Returning, she brought her doll dressed wonderfully as a bride, which she placed carefully beside Catherine's plate. That young lady blushed crimson, and looked very self-conscious; her rosy cheeks did not escape the sharp eyes of the assemblage, and cries of "Who is it?" brought more blushes.

Dear, kindly Mr. Smead rose to his feet, his face aglow with the gladness in his heart, and announced that the day had given him a son whom he loved and respected, adding, "and on the day of my daughter's marriage to Mr. John Patterson there will be a double wedding, because our old time friend, Mrs. Stewart, has in the last few minutes promised to remain with me as my wife." He sat down amidst a babel of congratulations and good wishes.

The setting sun had thrown a glory of gorgeous coloring against a background of clear blue sky before the party began to break camp for the moonlight drive to their homes.

John and Catherine strolled to a secluded spot near the water's edge so that together they might have a last satisfying look at the vision of splendor spread upon the horizon. It appeared to them like a benediction upon their love, from a heavenly altar of consecration. They were both uplifted by the beauty of the evening and filled with the joy of a great love given and received.

John's hand sought that of Catherine's and tenderly he drew her within his arm: "Dearest," he said, "I have loved and wanted you ever since I first saw you. It seems almost too wonderful to be true that now at last you have given yourself to me, and, God helping me, I will be worthy of your love."

THE END.



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